What with our helpe, what with the abſent King,
What with the injuries of wanton time,
The ſeeming ſufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious windes that helde the King
So long in the unlucky *Iriſh* Warres,
That all in *England* did repute him dead;
And from this ſwarme of faire advantages,
You tooke occaſion to be quickly wooed,
To gripe the generall ſway into your hand,
Forgot your oath to us at *Doncaſter*;
And being fed by us; you us'd us ſo,
As that ungentle Gull the Cuckowes bird,
Uſeth the Sparrow, did oppreſſe our neſt,
Grew by our feeding, to ſo great a bulke,
That even our love durſt not come neere your ſight,
For feare of ſwallowing: but with nimble wing
We were inforc't for ſafety ſake, to flie
Out of your ſight, and raiſe this preſent head,
Whereby we ſtand oppoſed by ſuch meanes
As you your ſelfe have forg'd againſt your ſelfe,
By unkinde uſage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth,
Swore to us in your younger enterprize.

King. Theſe things indeede you have articulate,
Proclaym'd at Market-croſſes, read in Churches,
To face the garment of Rebellion,
With ſome fine colour that may pleaſe the eye
Of fickle changelings, and poore diſcontents,
Which gape, and rub the Elbow at the newes
Of hurly burly innovation:
And never yet did inſurrection want
Such water colours, to impaint his cauſe;
Nor muddy Beggers, ſtarving for a time,
Of pel-mell havocke and confuſion.

Prin. In both your Armies, there is many a ſoule,
Shall pay full dearely for this incounter,
If once they joyne in tryall: tell your Nephew,
The Prince of *Wales* doth joyne with all the world

In prayſe of *Harry Percy*: by my hopes
This preſent enterprize ſet of his head,
I doe not thinke a braver Gentleman,
More active, more valiant, or more valiant yong,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds:
For my part, I may ſpeake it to my ſhame,
I have a trewant been to Chivalry,
And ſo I heare he doth account me too;
Yet this before my Fathers Majeſty,
I am content that he ſhall take the odds
Of his great name and eſtimation,
And will to ſave the bloud on either ſide,
Try fortune with him in a ſingle fight.

King. And *Prince of Wales*, ſo dare we venture thee
Albeit conſiderations infinit
Doe make againſt it: No, good *Worceſter*, no,
We love our people well; even thoſe we love,
That are miſled upon your Coſins part:
And will they take the offer of our Grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea every man
Shall be my friend againe, and i'le be his.
So tell your Coſin, and bring me word,
What he will doe. But if he will not yeeld,
Rebuke and dread correction waite on us,
And they ſhall doe their office. So be gon:
We will not now be troubled with reply.
We offer faire, take it adviſedly. *Exit Worce*

Prin. It will not be accepted on my life,
The *Dowglas* and the *Hotſpur* both together
Are confident againſt the world in armes.

King. Hence therefore, every Leader to his charge
For on their anſwere will we ſet on them;
And God befriend us as our cauſe is juſt. *Exeu*

Fal. *Hal*. If thou ſee me downe in the Battell, *I*
And beſtride me ſo, 'tis a point of friendſhip.

Prin. Nothing but a *Coloſſus* can doe thee that frie
Say thy prayers, and farewell.